

Riddled In Time (discontinued, rewriting as 1942! Please go to my page)

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Riddled In Time (discontinued, rewriting as 1942! Please go to my page)

by [lei4u](#)

Summary

15-year-old Mae finds herself 52 years in the past when she accidentally gets her hands on a time-turner.

Hello! I decided to discontinue this work as I reread it and thought I could do much better. I'm currently rewriting the exact same story with some tweaks, and I'm renaming the story to 1942. Please check out my page. <3

Chapter 1

1

Mae's eyes flickered open slightly.

Opening her eyes took effort and caused her pounding headache to worsen. She was sprawled on hard, wooden floorboards that made her back ache and planted splinters all over her body. Wet hair clung to her face.

All she could smell was sweat and the odour of something metallic.

She decided it would probably be best to sit up and try to take in her surroundings a little better, so, with all her might, Mae hauled herself up. The muscles in her shoulders and arms burned as she struggled.

Her blurry vision made it difficult to make out, but she could spot some old furniture in the room. None of it she could recognise. The only thing she could think about was how she had gotten here and how she was going to get out.

Though, in such a state, Mae could hardly gather her thoughts to make a smart enough decision right now.

Then, from behind her, a voice she recognised spoke.

"Awake, are we?"

The voice slinked into a whisper, and then spoke loudly again, "What are we to do with her?"

It took some seconds of thinking, but ultimately a decision was made.

"Spare her," said a low, grating voice. In a way, she also recognised this person but didn't know or remember why.

They spoke again, maliciously, "But I'll need her later."

"All right," said the other person slowly, with a hint of surprise that could've also been doubt.

Someone clothed in all black made their way over to Mae, and however hard she tried, she couldn't bring herself to move.

"Please," she managed to utter, though it sounded more like taking a breath as opposed to talking.

The person clothed in black centred their self in front of her and pointed their wand to Mae's face. It only just brushed against her temple. This was it for her.

Through blurry eyes, she tried to make out the face of the person standing in front of her, but it was no use. All she could do was sit there and take whatever this person was going to do to her.

“Stupefy!” the mystery person shouted.

Now all she could see was black as she passed out.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

2

“Mary Faron Boardman!” echoed through the family’s terraced house.

Mae sat on her bed, her head still groggy, wishing she could have a minute’s more sleep. She rolled over multiple times and whined to herself.

“I’m coming!” she shouted, regretting she made a promise she probably wouldn’t keep.

Slowly, she rose from her bed and stumbled over to a mirror that hung over a wooden dresser.

“Merlin.” she whispered, “How does my hair manage to get this messy?”

Mae looked around her room. Now, it was small, definitely, and it was a bit shabby, but in truth she loved it. Posters of bands and singers she admired had to fight for a place all over her walls, and small picture frames held cherished memories of her family and friends.

Looking at her face through the oval mirror again, she tried to fork her way through her hair. She only just managed to get her bangs half-tidy, and the rest didn’t look much better. Mae had always found it strange that her hair was never able to look perfect.

“You have it so lucky Victoria,” she said, glancing towards a picture stuck to the side of her mirror. Though the picture was all creased, and only just clinging for a spot in her room, you could still see a photo of a girl. Victoria stood in front a large tree, beaming at the camera, her blonde hair sitting just right. Mae scrunched her face and poked the photo.

“So lucky,” she said again, starting make her way over to the window above her bed. Only just reaching, she pulled apart the curtains, letting a wave of sunshine engulf her room. She now figured it was time to actually go downstairs, even though it pained her to have the realisation. Mae trudged out of her room and down into the skinny stairway, almost losing her balance once or twice along the way. After a bathroom trip, she entered the kitchen, wincing when she realised that her sister was there hunched over the counters.

“Finally up then?” her sister remarked, looking a little stressed.

“Why are you such a worry wart? We’ve got hours to be there.” Mae sighed, sick of this same old routine.

“Well you don’t know what could happen, Mary.” Eleanor spluttered, “And fix your hair for Merlin’s sake!”

Eleanor quickly shuffled away, no doubt going to fix some crease in her uniform.

“My name is Mae!” she shouted after her sister, annoyed that Eleanor insisted on calling her Mary, “And I tried fixing it!”

Mae then begrudgingly walked over to the cupboards and took out a bowl. Then, she went over to the draw to take out a small, silver spoon, and started fidgeting with it in her left hand. It was a bad habit of hers, but it affected no one really. After pouring the cereal and milk she had also gathered, still fidgeting with the spoon, she walked over to the living room and plonked herself on the couch. Only minutes passed before her mother found her.

“Mary? What in Merlin’s name are you doing? Hurry! You still have to get dressed, and I doubt you’ve even packed!” muttered Mrs Boardman, who had probably been fussing about the house for hours already. For such a sweet looking woman, she definitely knew how to make noise.

Finishing her cereal, Mae walked back upstairs and into her room, opening the closet. She didn’t own many clothes, only her Hogwarts uniform and a few other outfits, but then again she didn’t know how she wanted to dress either. Quickly and messily, she put on a woollen, yellow jumper her mother had knitted for her as a Christmas present and some oversized jeans. She then started packing the rest of her clothes, throwing them in without much care.

“This should do?” she said, looking puzzlingly at her suitcase, wondering how everyone else made theirs look so neat.

“Oh, and this,” picking a picture of her family off of the dresser and tucking it into her suitcase, “There. Perfect.”

Mae then zipped the suitcase, said her goodbyes to her bedroom, and made her way downstairs.

“We’re ready then?” her father announced, looking around to see if there was anything they had missed.

“Oh my God. Cam. We’re missing Cam. CAMERON!” he said panicked, running up the stairs to Cameron’s room.

“How on Earth did we forget about Cameron?” Mrs Boardman cried in disbelief.

“He is a bit forgettable to be fair,” Mae chuckled, “What’s he even doing now he’s finished school?”

“I’ve no idea, I just hope he figures it out.” her mother said.

Then, Mr Boardman was back downstairs, with Cameron, her brother, following slowly behind.

“Why do I even need to come?” Cameron argued, “I don’t even go there anymore!”

“It’s out of respect for your sisters, and also the fact that you’re doing nothing else anyway,” Mr Boardman said.

Mae glanced up at her brother and smirked, and he stuck his tongue out at her in return.

“Cam, don’t be mean to your sister.” Mrs Boardman ordered.

“But-“ Cameron squeaked, trying to defend himself, when he was interrupted by Mr Boardman saying, “Right. Let’s be on our way then.”

The Boardmans made their way out of the bricked house in an orderly fashion, though Mae continued making faces at Cam behind her. Eleanor, Mae, and Cam had to squish into the two backseats of their car, whilst Mr and Mrs Boardman sat comfortably in the front.

“Mum, we really need a new-“ Cameron spoke, only to be interrupted by Mrs Boardman hitting him over the head.

“Stop complaining and get your own car. You’re eighteen now after all.” she said smugly, looking out through the front window.

“Are we all strapped in?” Mr Boardman asked, getting replies from the rest of the family consisting of “Yes”, “No”, and “Maybe.”

“Cameron and Mary, please be serious just this once.” Mr Boardman said wearily.

“Yes, sir,” they both answered, pulling their seatbelts over themselves in an uncanny unison.

Mr Boardman rolled his eyes and started up the car, ready to go to King’s Cross Station.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that the story isn’t that interesting yet, I’m trying to let you get to know these characters really well. Tom Riddle probably won’t show for another few chapters, so if you’re patient enough to continue with the story then I appreciate it! The next few chapters will be Mae getting to Hogwarts and her usual routine, getting to know her friends, what she’s like at school, etc. I promise the pace picks up soon!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

3

It took around an hour for them to arrive at Kings Cross Station. The annual trip meant arguing over space, discussion of unfinished homework, and usually some dramatised story of the punishment Eleanor would receive if she hadn't annotated the last page of her potions book, all conjured by Eleanor herself, of course.

El was the epitome of a Ravenclaw, but they loved her for it really.

Once they had finally left the car, Mae was relieved to stretch her legs after what felt like days in confinement. She had to admit she was always excited for a new year at Hogwarts, even if the journey was a plague to her every year. It was especially exciting this year, considering she hadn't seen her friends at all over the summer. Usually, Mae would've visited one of the two, depending on which friend was busy that day, but they both had holidays booked abroad and hadn't even sent letters.

"Lucky sods," she muttered, walking in circles around the car to try and relieve her legs a little, "they should be grateful if I even speak to them."

"What are you saying Mary, I can't hear you?" Eleanor questioned, also out of the car and with a book in her hand.

'Merlin, she's already studying' Mae thought to herself blinkingly, staring in disbelief.

"I was speaking to myself El." she said, expecting some remark about her behaviour back.

"Oh, right. Just stop walking around. I can't focus on this and it's really important for me to learn this year."

Mae side-eyed her sister with pursed lips and sighed.

"Fine then." she said, going over to help her parents with the suitcases. Cam also came to help, but he was of more use sat in the car doing nothing, to be honest.

"Dad, I'll take this for you, here," he said, extending his arm out to the suitcase in Mr Boardman's hand.

You see, Cameron has a bit of a history with suitcases. It was a bit like he was cursed or something. Whenever he held one, he found some way to trip, or fall, or accidentally open the suitcase, leaving the contents spread out on the floor. Once a few summers back he even fell in one. Mae never questioned it.

Mr Boardman backed away hesitantly, “No, no son, you go on. Walk beside your sister... yes, and make sure she doesn’t get lost.”

‘ He knows I wouldn’t get lost! Merlin, now I’m stuck with him. ’ Mae thought, rolling her eyes.

Cameron grinned, happy to be given a task.

“Come on then, Mae, I’ll be your protector. Big brother to the rescue.” Cam teased.

Mae replied, sighing, “If anyone, it’s El who needs to be protected. Protected from her weird need to study every minute of the day. Please, I’m being serious here, someone confine her. It’s not healthy you know.”

Mrs Boardman glanced over at Mae with a harsh expression, then continued lugging the suitcase along, “Oh, leave your sister alone. Maybe you should take a page out of her book. You hardly ever study, it’s a wonder you’ve got good grades really.”

The Boardmans continued their talk all the way from the car park to the doors of King Cross.

Entering the station had always been a good memory for Mae, she simply loved the rush, the hustle and bustle of it, the sound of the trains ready to leave, everything. Though, in her opinion, the best part was always the first look up at that glassed ceiling. Since her first year at Hogwarts, she had always imagined it as millions of small crystals floating above their heads. It felt somewhat magical to her, and she looked forward to it every September 1st. She continued walking after her usual stare up at the ceiling.

“Right, we’re almost there, so be ready.” Mr Boardman ordered, looking slightly distressed. They were now at platform eight.

Mae and Cameron locked eyes, trying to hold in a laugh.

See, their father was a muggle. He wasn’t very used to the idea of running through a wall to get to some secret platform. It was the stuff of fiction to him, even if he had done it since Cameron’s first time seven years ago.

“Oh, don’t worry dear. You’ll be fine. It’s easy for you now, is it not?” Mrs Boardman asked, trying to comfort her husband.

“Yep. Of course. I’m completely fine. Don’t worry about me, only wanted to remind the children.” he replied, looking slightly embarrassed.

Finally, they had made their way to Platform 9¾. They got some weird stares, as they usually did, because of Eleanor’s owl. Though, to Mae, it looked more like a pigeon.

‘ It’s so unfair that she got an owl, just for being Prefect like 2 years ago. Why can’t I get one? ’ Mae asked herself, slightly annoyed and staring the owl down. *‘ Whatever, I wouldn’t want one if it looked like that anyway. ’* she mused, still staring it down with a jealous look on her face.

Eleanor went first, as she requested every year. After El it was Cam, and then finally it was her turn. This was quite an exciting part of the journey too, Mae thought.

Taking her suitcase from her mother, she stood in the centre of the two columns, bracing herself to run. Mae counted down in her mind, as she always did, with ‘ 3... 2... 1... *and RUN!* ’ Just as she said run in her mind, she made a start at running as fast as she could, headfirst into the platform, her suitcase following just behind her.

It was always uncanny going from Kings Cross one second, to entering Platform 9¾ the next. She supposed she could understand her father’s fear a little, though it was still funny.

On the platform now, Mae greeted her brother and sister who were already on the other side, and waited for her parents to follow through. Usually this took a few minutes, as Mr Boardman always gave himself a pep talk before entering. Eleanor stood there, tapping her foot impatiently.

“You in a rush, El?” Cam asked, stupidly. He should know by now not to speak to her while she was in this... state?

“Cameron, you KNOW I’m in a rush, I have so much to do. I have to catch up with my friends, change into my robes, and study some last few things before we get there. Please don’t hassle me. Merlin, is Dad going to take forever out there?” she said exasperatedly.

Again, Mae and Cam looked at each other, though this time they couldn’t hold in their laughter.

Eleanor’s eyes darted towards them, angry now, “What are you two laughing at? It’s really not funny! You should both try being a little organised. Gosh.” El scuttled away from them, though still staying close, looking around the station for her friends.

By the time Mr and Mrs Boardman had made their way over, they had ten minutes to board the train. This meant Mae only had around seven minutes to look for her friends before getting on if she wanted a good seat. Quickly, Eleanor and Mae said their goodbyes to their parents and their older brother, just in case they didn’t get the chance before the train left. From their parents, it was the usual smothering of kisses on their cheeks and foreheads and overly long hugs.

It was different this year, having to say goodbye to Cameron. It made her slightly upset, but she had to admit she wouldn’t miss the teasing at school from him and his dumb group of friends. Not one bit.

He was the first to walk over to Mae.

“Bye then, Mae. Have fun... but make sure you behave,” Cameron said sarcastically, with a stern look on his face, “I can say that now I’m an adult.”

“I’m more of an adult than you really. I’d be more worried about yourself misbehaving than me. I guess I’ll miss you at school, though. Just a little.” Mae admitted, going red in the face, now realising how embarrassing that was.

“Awe, my little sister really does care about me. Come here then.” he said, beckoning her with his arms.

They shared an awkward hug and half-smiled at each other, before Mae ran off, waving backwards at her parents and a very embarrassed brother. Mr and Mrs Boardman were teasing Cam about the unexpected hug.

Eleanor and Mae set off hurriedly, racing down either side of the platform in search of their friends.

“They really need a better system.” she said to herself, slightly out of breath from all the running.

She searched for some time before looking at the clock and realising she only had 5 minutes to board, ‘ *It’s fine, I’ll just find them on the train. It’ll be easier,* ’ she thought to herself.

Slightly disappointed, and looking over at one of the train doors, she spotted two bobbing heads she thought she might recognise. Mae craned her neck and squinted her eyes to get a better look at their faces. Now overjoyed, her eyes lit up when she recognised Victoria’s face, as well as Bobby trudging along beside her, looking a bit worried. Her memory then went back to the fact that they hadn’t written to her all summer, and her smile dropped. ‘ *Hm,* ’ she thought, ‘ *I’m just going to play this cool and pretend I don’t care.* ’

With a new, smug look on her face, she made her way over to the two disappointed faces. Once they spotted her, they were just as happy to see Mae as she had been them. Victoria came over and practically assaulted Mae with her hug, and Bobby was waving frantically, beaming at her.

“Oh, I’m sorry... do I know you two?” she asked, trying to stifle back a laugh, still making it very obvious she wasn’t actually mad.

“Come on Mae! We’re sorry but we know you’re excited to see us. Please forgive us. We really really didn’t mean to not write to you, we were just having so much fun and-” Victoria rambled, before Bobby interrupted her mid-sentence.

“And we got carried away! But we promise we missed you. Swear on it.” he said pleadingly, his brows furrowed, pouting at Mae.

“You guys know I forgive you! But come on, not a single letter? I was bored all summer,” she said, half with a smile and half with a frown, “Both of you, take a step closer please.”

Both Bobby and Victoria took a step closer, hanging their heads slightly, knowing exactly what was coming.

Mae extended her arms around their heads, smirking slightly, before trapping them in a head-lock. She shook them around a bit whilst her two friends clawed at her arms, fighting to escape, laughing anyway. She released them after a few seconds and put her arms around their shoulders.

“You’ve got a weirdly strong grip for a girl. It’s really not normal Mae. Anyway, you forgive us then?” Bobby asked, his right hand rubbing his sore neck.

“Course I forgive you. Right, let’s find a good spot on the train.” Mae said happily, now having gotten back at them.

They all made their way onto the train and found an empty booth, the perfect seats for the journey. Mae plopped herself on one side of the booth, stretching out her legs across the second seat and crossing her arms, laying her head back. Bobby and Victoria sat down next to each other, grinning at Mae.

“What’ve you done all summer if you were so bored waiting for our letters then?” Victoria asked.

“Nothing! That’s just it. At least with you guys’ letters I would have had something to do. I had to listen to my sister moan about her N.E.W.T.S the whole time.” she said, wincing inside at the memory of it.

“We’ll make it up to you at school, alright?” Bobby said, hoping she would forgive them for good now.

“Yeah, this year is going to be interesting. I can feel it.” Mae grinned back at the both of them, ready for another year at Hogwarts.

Chapter End Notes

Again! Sorry for the slow pace. It’ll probably be another 2 chapters or so of Mae’s normal life and then we’ll get to the interesting stuff.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Big sorry for lack of updates the past few days, I've been baking in the heat of the UK heatwave and struggling a bit with motivation.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter. I didn't want to fit too much into it at once and make it messy, so next chapter will have the interesting stuff. This is kind of a filler if you know what I mean, but it's still useful to the plot anyway, so I encourage you don't skip it.

4

A few minutes passed before the train started moving.

Mae sprung from her seat to say her last goodbyes to her family from the compartment window. Sticking her head out as much as she could, only just managing to fit her arm through to wave at them, she flashed a toothy grin.

Both of her parents had a worried expression on their faces and were waving their hands downwards. They were also mouthing something, no doubt warning her to get down before she fell. Cameron, however, waved back at his sister with a large smile on his face, looking somewhat proud. She waved from the window until the last second, when a wall blocked her view and she wouldn't see her family until autumn break.

Though she would never admit it, Mae always missed her family while she was at Hogwarts. The beginning of every term was a bit of a difficult goodbye, but she had gotten mostly used to it.

Mae now sat back down, spreading her legs out onto the cushiony seat beside her.

It had been a few hours since the train first set off, and they were now changed into their school robes. Mae was a Hufflepuff, Bobby was also, and Victoria was a Gryffindor.

Mae was getting hungry, but she had brought no money for the train ride.

"Bobby, Vic, did you bring any money? I'm starving, I want to buy something from the trolley. Promise I'll pay you back." she asked, crossing her fingers in her mind that they had something.

“No, I’ve got nothing.” Bobby replied, as Victoria shook her head.

“Guess you’ll just have to starve.” Victoria said flatly, playing with a strand of her hair.

Mae threw her head back with shut eyes and winced, clutching at her stomach in a dramatic way.

“Why didn’t you bring any money in the first place? Or eat before you got on the train?” Bobby said, raising his eyebrows at her.

“I don’t know, I just forgot.” Mae admitted.

She glared at Bobby and pouted, thinking of ways she could get some food in her stomach. It took some minutes of thinking, but she eventually came up with a plan that could work, if executed well.

Smiling at her two friends, she started to prepare in her mind what she’d say to convince them to do this with her.

“So, guys, I think I know what I’ll do.” Mae said slyly.

“What is it then?” Victoria asked, confused by Mae’s amused face.

“Just steal from the trolley, obviously,” she said, as if it was the most casual thing ever, “if you guys would help me?”

Bobby stared at Mae with a horrified look, and Victoria chuckled at the thought.

“Absolutely no way. Do you not remember when they gave that group of Slytherins a term’s worth of detention for trying to steal? I’m not dealing with that just because you forgot some money.” Victoria replied, fixing her headband in the window’s reflection.

“Yeah, no way, Mae. Sorry.” Bobby said, shrugging his shoulders.

“Oh, come on. Why can’t you guys have any fun. Please, please do this with me. If we get caught, I’ll say I threatened you two. Plus, all you need to do is distract the lady, so it’ll be like a coincidence. You two needed her for something and I took the chance to steal some food. We won’t get caught anyway. Please. I’d do it for you.” Mae assured them, pleading with her hands.

Her friends looked at each other, still apprehensive.

Mae noticed Bobby looked a second longer than he should’ve.

“I mean if we’re not actually involved... I guess...” Bobby said slowly, waiting for Victoria’s approval, looking over at her every few words.

“Oh whatever. What do we have to do then?” Victoria sighed, trying to hide a smile of excitement. She liked causing a bit of trouble, really.

Mae smirked at her two friends, ready to tell them the plan she'd thought of. "Ok, so, because I'm good at spells I was thinking I could use Furnunculus on Bobby-" she said quickly, before getting interrupted.

"Why on me? Why can't you do it on Victoria?" Bobby huffed.

"What? No, it can't be on Victoria because she'd never agree to do it." Mae said.

"And what makes you think I'll agree to it?" questioned Bobby.

"You'll do it because Victoria's doing it, and you do anything she does. You even took divination because Vic decided to." Mae said.

"That's not true. I took divination because I wanted to. It's interesting. You should try it sometime," Bobby spurted out, a little embarrassed, "Anyway, you'll do the Furnunculus spell. What next."

He still looked a little agitated, and Mae could tell his face was going red, but she decided not to mention it.

"Next, we wait for the food trolley lady to do her rounds, and when she gets close, Victoria runs out into the hallway with Bobby and starts screaming about him getting jinxed. She probably won't know what to do, and then she'll go to the front of the train to tell the driver. Simple. It gives me all the time in the world to get the snacks I want." Mae recited from her mind.

"I guess it sounds easy enough." Victoria supposed.

"Easy enough? Bobby choked, "Yeah, easy enough if you won't be the one with boils on your face."

"Oh, hush. Madam Pomfrey can fix your face when we get to Hogwarts. It'll be alright." Mae said, reaching her hand over to ruffle his hair in her hands.

He smacked her hand away from his head and looked at her, pursing his lips.

Mae smiled at him with pleading eyes and he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Whatever. She'll probably be doing her rounds soon, so get over with it." Bobby said, defeated.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you. Promise I'll pay you back. I owe you. Whatever you want. I'll do your homework for a week, more even!" Mae offered.

"Two weeks. No, three weeks. Ok. Go ahead." Bobby forced his eyes shut and puffed his cheeks, bracing himself for the jinx.

Mae pointed her wand to his face, and whispered, "Furnunculus."

Yellow boils the size of tennis balls sprouted from Bobby's face. He opened his mouth ready to scream, when Victoria covered his mouth with one hand, using the other hand to shush him. He was wide-eyed, and tears were forming in his eyes, but he was nodding frantically, ready to listen to Victoria's instructions.

The girls breathed a sigh of relief as Mae opened the sliding door into their compartment and craned her neck. She spotted the trolley lady making her rounds all the way down the hall, asking each student if they wanted anything.

She looked back at Victoria and Bobby, grinning, and nodded her head, giving them the OK to start their part. Victoria nodded and took his hand, sneaking over to the door to get her own look.

When the lady was only a few doors down, Victoria screamed her most high-pitched scream and started running towards the lady, with Bobby's hand in her's, shouting about a boy who had been jinxed and needed help. There were students stepping out of each compartment, confused as to what was happening.

Mae saw the lady was distracted and took her chance. Scuttling over to the trolley, she started hauling all the sweets she could into her robes. These sweet delights ranged from Sherbert Lemon, to Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans, to Chocolate Frogs. It was her idea of heaven, and she was going to make the most of it.

Though, she may have over done it.

The trolley lady didn't decide to go down to the train driver, in fact, she stayed quite near to where her trolley was being ransacked, but Mae had been too occupied to realise.

Bobby and Victoria tried to keep her distracted, but it didn't seem like she cared. The trolley lady pushed through them both, making her way back over to her beloved trolley, when she spotted Mae stealing just about every sweet on it.

"Young lady!" she shouted, furious.

Mae glanced up; a bit too happy with herself. This didn't last, however, when she realised who was talking.

"Yes?" she squeaked, looking up shamefacedly.

"Put all them sweets back this instant! I'll be getting Hagrid to let your Head of House know about this. What house are you in girl?" she yelled.

There were whispers from students all down the halls.

"Hufflepuff, ma'am." Mae whispered, not sure whether she'd laugh or cry. How she'd ever live this down, she didn't know. She'd be the girl who tried to steal sweets for the rest of her time at Hogwarts.

"And your name?" the lady asked, red-faced and clearly raging.

“Mary Faron Boardman. Mae is what most people call me though.” she muttered.

“Right then. Put them back on the trolley and make your way back to your seat.” she said, her finger pointing at Mae’s jumper.

Mae chucked all the sweets she had onto the trolley and sat back down in the booth they’d picked, staring at the floor. She could hear the lady making her way down the hall, muttering to herself about irresponsible children.

Bobby and Victoria walked in soon after, silently sitting down and staring at Mae. She looked up at them and broke into fit of laughter. Both Bobby and Victoria couldn’t help themselves and started laughing too.

“That’s probably one of the stupidest things you’ve done.” said Bobby, barely breathing of laughter. Though, he abruptly stopped when the boils started hurting again.

“You’re truly something else, Mae.” Victoria teased, smiling over at her.

It had gotten dark when the train arrived at Hogsmeade station, and Mae was more than ready to throw herself into bed for the night. Escaping from the humility that was this train ride sounded perfect to her.

The three of them stepped from the train and onto the path that led to the horseless carriages.

On their way, they spotted a still terribly angry trolley lady speaking to Hagrid, flailing her hands, and shouting something unintelligible. Mae pressed her lips together and closed her eyes of embarrassment, urging Bobby and Victoria to hurry down the dirt path as quickly as they could.

“We should place our bets on how many weeks detention she’ll get.” Victoria snorted, slowing down now that they were out of sight of Hagrid.

“I reckon three weeks.” Bobby pondered, walking alongside Victoria.

“I reckon a whole term, what do you think Mae?” said Victoria.

“Guys, I don’t need more embarrassment from you. Just imagine what it’ll be like at school. Everyone’s going to know me as the pig who tried to steal sweets from an old lady.” whined Mae, trudging along the path.

“Yeah, I guess that’s exactly what everyone will know you for. But it can’t be that bad, seriously, it’s exhausting being popular.” Victoria consoled, looking as serious as ever.

Bobby tried to hold back a laugh, and Mae looked behind her at the two of them. Victoria was unbelievable.

Her two friends continued chattering behind her, whilst Mae hurried over to the carriage and climbed up into it. Bobby and Vic caught up eventually and climbed into the carriage, still

chatting away to each other. As the carriage started moving, Mae looked around herself, really taking in the forest she had ignored for years before.

‘It’s kind of pretty, really,’ Mae thought to herself, *‘I’ve never actually looked at it properly.’*

The three of them set off on the rocky path to Hogwarts castle.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

5

An hour passed on the horseless carriages to Hogwarts, and another two hours were spent on the sorting ceremony and the feast. It was the same as usual, the nervous first years going up to be sorted into their houses, and the delightful assortment of food just after.

It was now 9 o'clock, which meant everyone needed to be in their common rooms or heading to bed. The first years were led out by the Prefects and the rest of the school followed out in a not so orderly fashion. Bobby and Mae had decided that this year they weren't going to hang around Victoria's dull group of Gryffindor friends and made their way to the entrance of the great hall, waiting for her there instead, gushing about how good the food was this year. A few minutes passed before Victoria finally made her way over to them, questioning their decision to wait by the door like a couple of lost puppies.

"Well, we wanted to wait for you but we didn't want to stand around your other friends like we're your assistants or something. Not to mention the fact that they're probably the most boring group of people I think I've ever met." Mae said, looking over Victoria's shoulder at the group of Gryffindors clapping and cheering about a trick one of them did.

"Oh they're not that bad. Just a tad... over excited? You know I like you guys better anyway." Victoria teased, charming her way back into her friend's good books.

Bobby flashed a stupid grin and blushed a little. Mae raised an eyebrow at him and he turned away, walking through the doors that left the great hall. The two girls followed through into the entrance hall and Victoria said her goodnights to the other two until the morning.

It was a little annoying that the three of them weren't in the same house, but Mae could never trade the Hufflepuff common room for the Gryffindor one, as it was her favourite spot in the castle.

The Hufflepuff common room resided in the basement, and the entrance to it was located in the kitchen corridor. There was no password or anything, the way to get into the common room was to tap one of the barrels that hid the entrance to the rhythm of 'Helga Hufflepuff', Hufflepuff's founder. This would then cause the barrel lid to swing open, which left a crawling space for Hufflepuffs to enter. Anyone who got the rhythm wrong would be drenched in vinegar and not allowed in. Mae found it quite amusing and thought it was much better than just a simple, boring password.

Once Mae and Bobby were down in the Hufflepuff common room, they talked for about ten minutes on the cushy sofas and then made their way to bed for the night. Mae shared her dorm with Hannah Abbott, who was now Hufflepuff's prefect, Susan Bonnes, Megan Jones, and a girl named Leanne who Mae didn't know very well. They were all perfectly nice girls, but Mae had never managed to get very close with them, though she would've liked to. All of them said their hellos to who they hadn't spoken to yet and asked around about everyone's

summer holidays. This chatter lasted for about five minutes before each girl was asleep in their bed, ready for the next day, when classes would actually begin.

The morning after was also the same as usual. Countless plates of the most delicious food you could think of lathered the tables, students ran around with undone ties and text books for last minute studying, and the morning post arrived with Daily Prophets and letters home from student's families. Though, the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher was a bit strange. Her name was Professor Umbridge, and she interrupted Dumbledore in the middle of his speech going on about new rules or something, which off-put Mae. Even so, a familiar buzz about the castle made Mae excited for the first day, before she remembered she'd likely be receiving her punishment for the train situation. This put her in a bad mood and consequently made her dread the rest of the day. She unenthusiastically took a bite out of a buttered slice of toast before taking her new schedule from a Professor who'd been glumly passing them around most of the morning.

"What have you got today Victoria?" Bobby asked, reading over his schedule.

"Today I've got Herbology, Divination, Potions, and History of Magic. What about you two?" Victoria said, her schedule in one hand and a fork in the other, poking at a fried egg on her plate.

"We've both got Herbology first and then our elective class. After lunch it's Transfiguration and Astronomy. I guess we've all got Herbology together first, then." Bobby replied. Mae couldn't help but notice that Bobby looked quite excited to have two classes with Victoria today. He didn't mention the fact that he and Victoria had their elective class together, but she knew he was thinking it.

"Good luck with Potions," Mae laughed, twiddling a knife around in her hand, a bad habit of hers, "I'm sure Professor Snape can't wait to see you."

"Merlin, don't remind me. I hate the slimy git. I'm quite glad we left that dung bomb in his office. You should've seen the look on his face, it was golden." She boasted, smirking at the thought of it.

The bell from the clock tower rang three times, and suddenly there was a big rush from the students to get to their first classes. Bobby, Mae, and Victoria rushed to finish their breakfast and made their way down to the school greenhouses for Herbology.

By the time the three of them had gotten to the greenhouses, there was already a group of Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs gathered around the front, waiting for Professor Sprout. The two houses were quite civil and there were even friendship groups that intertwined between houses often.

Mae couldn't say the same for Slytherin and any other house, who the majority of the school didn't trust or like one bit. Since the Chamber of Secrets had been opened three years ago, no

one even tried getting close with them. Mae was quite glad of this as none of them would be the sort of person she'd want to be close with anyway.

Finally, Professor Sprout arrived, and she seemed to be making a b-line for Mae.

"Why's she staring at you like that?" Bobby whispered, with a concerned look on his face.

"Must be what happened on the train. What did I bet on again? Terms worth of detention?" Victoria sniggered, hurriedly moving out of the way when Professor Sprout had made her way over, pulling Bobby along with her.

"Miss Boardman. I was told about what happened on the train and as your Head of House was asked to inform you that it'll be detention for the rest of the term." Professor Sprout said in her booming, pitiless voice.

"Professor!" Mae exclaimed, hearing whispers and laughing in the back from the other students.

"I'll hear no buts. Right class, now that you're starting your O.W.L.S-" Professor Sprout said in the distance, becoming quieter as she walked onwards and into the greenhouse with the rest of the class following behind.

"What did I tell you?" Victoria said in a sing-song voice, also setting off to the greenhouse so she didn't get into any trouble too.

Mae scrunched her nose at Victoria and turned to see Bobby's reaction. She could tell he was holding in a laugh and shoved him with her shoulder, almost laughing herself at the hilarity and embarrassment of the situation. Both of them walked down together, shoving each other and giggling as they did, and started their lesson with the Gryffindors. She saw a few people pointing at her and laughing as she entered.

Professor Sprout had asked each student to line up in front of trays that were placed on a long, wooden table in the middle of the greenhouse. She went off on a tangent about how important O.W.L.S were and told everyone what it would be like to study Herbology at an O.W.L level. Mae had actually considered taking it, as she was good at it anyway, and enjoyed being in the greenhouses. It was a little overgrown and she liked looking at all the weird plants. The first lesson was a revision lesson, they were going over Mandrakes again. Mae looked forward to this as she was relatively good at it in her second year, and quite frankly found them sort of... cute? As long as they were babies, anyway.

Unlike the last time, everyone was quite prepared to unearth them, and most people did it with ease. At least thirty mandragora were being tugged out of clay flowerpots, screaming as everyone did so and swinging as they kicked their small legs in the air. Quite a few people had their's held by the leaves and inspected them, before stuffing them back into bigger pots than before. When the last person had re-potted their mandrake, Professor Sprout instructed everyone to take their ear muffs off and place them next to their tray. The lesson went quite quickly as it was only revision, which left the last twenty minutes or so for Professor Sprout to go over this term's curriculum and answer any extra questions or recommend reading

material. Mae, however, couldn't wait for the lesson to be over, and struggled through the last half in an embarrassed mood when she wasn't distracted by the mandrakes anymore.

Mae's next class and lunch went better than Herbology. She was, surprisingly, a good student. Actually, one of the top of her class, though she hated talking about it. She didn't know why but it felt embarrassing. The fact that Victoria was popular but was careless with school rubbed off on her, and she felt that if she was more careless maybe people would like her better. It was just a silly thought and she never acted on it, though.

Lunch had been one of the better points of today, as Mae, Bobby, and Victoria tried brainstorming ideas to get her out of detention. The only conclusion they managed to come to was meeting at the end of their last lesson and sneaking out to the Forbidden Forest, offered up by Victoria of course. It took some convincing, and at least ten minutes of acting like it wasn't a big deal from Victoria, for both of them to actually agree to it. Mae knew that she had stolen just yesterday, but sneaking into the Forbidden Forest? The punishment was exclusion if you were caught.

Though, she did have to admit, it sounded a lot better than shining trophies with Filch for hours. So, in the end, that was the plan they'd chosen to go with. They wouldn't be caught anyway, and if a teacher asked, Mae would say she had fallen asleep before it was time for her detention. All she would have to do was get through her last two lessons.

Later that evening, when the rest of the school was making its way to bed, they met at the entrance of the Hufflepuff common room and began sleuthing their way through the castle, avoiding any teachers they saw on the way. It was slowly getting darker, and they needed to be quick if they didn't want Filch to see them on patrol, so they started running through the halls leading to the entrance hall, keeping an eye out for any teachers still.

It was pitch black outside when they eventually left and ran down past Hagrid's hut and into the outskirts of the Forbidden Forest. They didn't want to go too deep incase they got lost, but still had to make sure no teacher could see them from the castle. All three of them sat behind a thick tree log which had fallen that wasn't too far from the entrance of the forest. They sat there for a bit, laughing about what they had just done, and recounting how stupid Bobby looked while he was running. It took some time for realisation to hit.

"What are we supposed to do now?" Bobby questioned, looking a bit deflated and a little scared now.

"Erm, that's a good question, Bobby. I don't know." Victoria admitted, looking quite dumbfounded.

"Why didn't we think this through before. We're all idiots. Did we really think this was gonna work. Merlin's beard, how dumb can you get? We're doomed!" Bobby said, a slight quiver to his voice.

"Both of you shut up. We'll just sleep here and go to breakfast early tomorrow morning. It won't be that bad. We have each other, right? We'll have plenty-" Mae explained, interrupted by a loud stomp in the distance.

“What the bloody hell was that?” Bobby squeaked, basically whispering, his face all scrunched up. Victoria stared back at him wide eyed and glanced over at Mae with a ‘What are we going to do?’ kind of face. Mae shook her head and shrugged her shoulders, trying to shush Bobby by putting her hand over his mouth.

Another few large steps were taken. Twigs snapped and leaves crunched under each one.

The three of them sat there in silence, terrified, sure they were about to die. That is, until they heard a familiar voice.

“What’re you three doin’ down ‘ere?” A large, scruffy man asked.

“Hagrid! Thank Merlin it’s you, we thought we were going to die. Could you just imagine? We were terrified!” Victoria sighed, relieved to know it wasn’t a troll coming to kill them.

“I saw yeh all running down from the castle from me house. Wondered where you lot were off to. What are yeh doin’ down ‘ere anyway?” Hagrid questioned.

“I forced them to, Hagrid. I thought it’d be fun. I brought them because I was too scared to go myself, but it’s my fault, really. Please don’t get them in trouble.” Mae spat out quickly, looking back at her two stunned friends.

“Erm, right then. You two run along. I’ll take Mary here up to Dumbledore, ‘cause I don’t know what to do me self.” Hagrid smiled, helping Victoria and Bobby up and accidentally half-shoving them towards the entrance.

Both of them ran up towards the castle, looking back at Mae, feeling half worried and half extremely guilty, Bobby almost tripping multiple times because he wasn’t looking where he was going.

‘This is it; I’m really getting excluded now. Stupid, stupid Mae.’ She thought, trudging back up to the castle a considerable distance behind Hagrid, ‘What have I gotten myself into?’

Dumbledore’s office was on the third floor of the castle, concealed by a large gargoyle that moved aside when you wanted to enter, only if you knew the password. Mae had never expected to see the inside, and certainly never thought she’d get to see it when she was about to be expelled.

After the walk up to the castle and up three floors, Mae was quite relieved to find out that the stairs revealed when Hagrid spoke the words ‘Sherbet Lemon’ seemed to work like an escalator, so she didn’t have to do more walking. The slow ascend up to Dumbledore’s office was certainly an awkward, panicked one. Mae was practising in her head what kind of excuses she’d try to make to Dumbledore, knowing each one was just as hopeless as the one before.

The spiral stairs then stopped moving, and a stone wall opened up which revealed the actual entrance of the office. It was just as Mae had imagined, though without one integral thing. Dumbledore himself was not there.

“Probably in ‘is study. I’ll go fetch him; you just wait here now.” Hagrid muttered, before shuffling toward the now normal stone wall. Once he was just in front, it opened up to reveal the staircase they were on just a second ago, and he descended back down the escalator-like stairs and left Mae to explore the room.

Again, it was just how she imagined. It was a big, spacious, circular room. There were bookshelves taller than any bookshelf she’d seen in her lifetime, that displayed all sorts of small trinkets and more books than Mae could possibly read. Rounding each bookshelf were small staircases that helped you to reach all the way to the top if you wished. Dumbledore’s wooden desk looked glorious and was also covered in all sorts of magical devices. It was engraved with beautifully intricate designs. Behind the desk were two stone pillars, that looked just as intricately designed, which stood to indicate the start of the bell tower, where a massive bell dangled from above. Mae looked up to see a chandelier covered in candles and balconies looking onto the office. It was just perfect, and it reflected Dumbledore’s personality quite well. It almost topped the Hufflepuff common room.

Mae made her way over to the left bookshelf and skimmed through book titles, reading things like, ‘Extreme Incantations’, ‘Theories of Transubstantial Transfiguration’, and ‘Alchemical Duodecimo,’ which all sounded extremely boring to her.

Every once and a while she also came across some magical item, inspected it, and put it down again. Mae could’ve spent hours in this room, looking at each strange thing she came along and finding out what each did. She then came across a small wooden box and opened it. Inside, was a small, golden, locket sort of thing that Mae picked up and inspected more closely. Holding it up to the light, she noticed it had a small sand timer in the middle of a golden disc that had small stars carved in it. It also had two golden bands that sort of rapped around each other, creating a sphere. The two bands had a kind of scribe on them which she couldn’t make out in the dim light. She looked at it for a little longer before she heard Hagrid and Dumbledore walking through the stone door, closing the wooden box and stashing the locket away in her pocket, in the sudden panic of getting into more trouble.

‘Merlin, if Dumbledore finds out I’ve stolen from his office I’ll probably get my wand taken or something.’ Mae thought nervously, shaking a little as she smiled and walked over to the two teachers.

“Sorry, Professor. I was just having a look at all the really interesting books. I’m sorry, I know it wasn’t my place.” Mae spoke, a wobble to her voice, failing to seem like she wasn’t panicking at all. Dumbledore walked over to his desk and sat down and smiled at her.

“That’s perfectly alright, dear girl. I love a curious mind. Well, what did you do to be dragged here in the middle of the night.” Dumbledore asked her.

“Found ‘er and ‘er friends sneaking down to the Forbidden Forest, Dumbledore Sir. Wasn’t sure what to do so I brought ‘er to you.” Hagrid interrupted.

“The Forbidden Forest? And what did you need there?” Dumbledore questioned, a particular twinkle to his eye that Mae could never mistake for anyone but Dumbledore’s.

“Well, Sir, I thought it would be fun and I made my friends do it. Don’t blame them, it’s not their fault. Any punishment should go to me.” Mae said, ducking her head once she finished her sentence.

“And what house are you in?” Dumbledore implored, still smiling.

“Hufflepuff, sir, why?” Mae said, a little confused he was asking for her house and not expelling her right this moment.

“I think we all need a bit of rest,” Dumbledore said, guiding both Mae and Hagrid to the stone wall, “I’ll think on it, Miss Boardman. Good night.” He then ushered them both down the stairs and waved goodbye as they descended.

Mae was utterly confused.

‘He has to know I took something. Maybe he’s making arrangements to take my wand right this second. There’s no way he’d just let me go like that, no way. Not with rumours of You Know Who being about. Great. Now I’m never gonna get to do magic because I didn’t want a stupid detention. Merlin’s beard, I need to sort myself out.’

When Hagrid and Mae were both at the bottom of the stairs, Mae said a quick goodbye, waved, and set off to her common room, hoping Bobby was still awake so she’d have someone to tell about this.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been working on this chapter for the past few days, so I really hope you enjoyed it. Probably the hardest chapter to write so far. Big, big Sorry for not updating for ages! More motivation issues (and also a hint of figuring out how I wanted to structure the plot.) I think the pressure of writing everyday got to me, so from now on I’m going to write when I really feel like it. Also sorry for the lazy writing (with the time jumps) I didn’t want to waste this chapter by writing out extra scenes like all of the classes, breakfast in the hall, sorting ceremony, etc.

Next chapter will be really exciting!!

I can’t wait to write it for you all. :)

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

6

Mae sat in bed playing with the locket she'd stolen about an hour before, thinking back on the talk she had with Bobby.

After sprinting back to her common room, she found him sitting on a very inviting couch in front of the fireplace, his body twisted to face the entrance with a book and quill in his hands. She dashed over to the sofa and immediately started explaining what had happened in Dumbledore's office before Bobby could ask any questions. At first, he too, was slightly confused. Though after some thinking, he began rationalising it to Mae.

"He was probably just tired.", "Maybe he didn't care, he is Dumbledore after all.", "If he asked for your house, he'll probably deduct some points and it'll be over with." Bobby tried to explain.

Mae didn't believe a word of it. She assumed it would probably lead to more detention, maybe even exclusion, and forced herself to come to terms with it.

So now she sat, an hour after the events of Dumbledore's office, contemplating what she would do with the locket she had accidentally stolen.

It took a bit of self-convincing before she came up with a slightly plausible explanation.

' Maybe he'll just forget about it. It can't be that important if it was sat in an old box. ' Mae thought. This was the story she chose to convince herself was the truth, as her eyes were beginning to feel heavy and she needed to sleep. So, she stuffed the locket into her bedside drawer, shuffled under the covers, and shut her eyes.

The morning after Mae woke up considerably later than she normally would've for breakfast. All of the rest of the girls she shared her room with had already left and gone down to breakfast half an hour earlier. Hurriedly, Mae threw her robes on, brushed her hair messily, grabbed her wand, and took one last look at her bed to remember anything she'd forgotten. Scanning it over, she glanced at her bedside table and remembered the stolen locket.

' I can't just leave it there. But if I'm caught with it, I don't know what I'll do. Oh whatever. ' she thought to herself, running up to the stand and snatching the locket, hiding it in her robe pockets. She took a deep breath and patted where she could feel it in the patch of her robes, and set off downstairs, trying to act normal and not suspicious in the slightest.

Mae practically ran through the castle to go meet her friends to discuss what would happen to her, bumping into her sister El when turning the corner that led to the Great Hall.

“Mary! Where have you been? I’ve been looking for you all morning. You’ve really done something stupid now, I can’t believe you.” Eleanor said, almost screaming at her.

People passing them in the halls stared as they walked by.

“What do you mean? How do you know?” Mae said, panicked.

“Of course I know. There are rumours all over the school. Merlin, I know you can cause trouble but I never thought you’d take it this far. I wrote to mum and dad about it as soon as I heard, so expect a letter. I also asked to speak with Dumbledore about it and he agreed to after breakfast. You’ll have to come by the way.” Eleanor said.

“Is it really that big of a deal? And why write to mum and dad or speak to Dumbledore. Just say it was a mistake.” Mae pleaded with her sister.

Eleanor scoffed and pushed past Mae, whispering about how sneaking out like that is going to get her expelled, and that she should be glad that her sister is trying to help her like this. Mae rolled her eyes and entered the Great Hall, finding her friends in the mass of students and walking over, seating herself in between Bobby and Victoria.

“I mean, come on. Why write to my parents? Merlin knows I’m being punished as soon as I step foot into my house at Christmas. It’s not like what I do is going to affect her grades.” Mae complained.

“She’s probably trying to do what’s best for you. Who knows, it might even help your case.” Bobby said.

“So you do think I’m being expelled then?” Mae sighed.

“No! Course not, I just meant maybe it would make Dumbledore feel bad for you or something. I dunno.” Bobby spluttered.

“He does. We both do. Sorry, just didn’t want to give you false hope.” Victoria cringed. Bobby pressed his lips together and looked down.

At that moment, Eleanor’s pigeon-owl swooped into the Great Hall and landed in front on Mae, a red envelope with a letter inside cut to look like teeth in it’s beak. She immediately turned bright red and Bobby and Victoria cringed at the sight of it. Others laughed and snickered. Shouts of, “GO ON! OPEN IT!” echoed around the now anticipating hall.

It was a Howler. Mae had no choice but to open it and get it over with, so she lifted her shaking hands and opened the seal.

The letter opened its mouth, floated mid-air, and began its speech.

“MARY FARON BOARDMAN! WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU SNEAK OUT TO THE FORBIDDEN FOREST. I DON’T GIVE A WHIT IF YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE

FUN. YOU'LL PROBABLY BE EXPELLED FOR THIS, AND ME AND YOUR FATHER WILL NOT BE WELCOMING YOU BACK HOME. YOU'D BETTER FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!" Mrs Boardman screeched down Mae's ears.

"Now dear, be rational. Mary, I hope you know we are extremely disappointed. Go along with whatever punishment you get without complaint, even if it is exclusion. You'll be lucky if it isn't." Mr Boardman said, calmer than his wife though still stern.

The Howler then blew raspberries at her and exploded in her face, sending the entire Great Hall into a fit of laughter. Both of Mae's friends had a concerned look on their faces and simply stared at her, waiting for a reaction.

Mae rested her head on the table, banging it as it landed, and closed her eyes. Bobby and Victoria nodded in sympathy and patted her shoulders, telling her it wasn't really that bad.

Now she was truly ruined. It couldn't get any worse.

Mae then realised she had contradicted herself when she opened her eyes and looked around herself just to see her sister approaching her.

"Come on. It's time to speak to Dumbledore. You can wait outside because I know you'll just make it worse." Eleanor said.

"Why do I have to come if I don't even get to enter his office." Mae asked, her head in her hands.

"Out of respect. Come, or we'll be late." El ordered, almost dragging Mae off of her seat.

"Alright! Merlin, you're so pushy." Mae groaned, standing up and begrudgingly following her sister to her likely doom.

Ten excruciatingly long minutes had passed. Ten minutes of the beady eyes of the gargoyle staring back at Mae, mocking her. She was definitely going to be expelled, maybe even worse, have her wand taken?

Mae couldn't stand it. She could feel her palms were sweating while fiddling with each one of her fingers until they ached, a usual habit of hers. Deciding she didn't want to ruin her hands the same she did with her chances at Hogwarts, she pulled out the locket and started fiddling with this instead. Assuming Dumbledore already knew about it, she wondered what the point in hiding it was now. She started inspecting it a bit to distract herself.

' Maybe it's something to wake you up. It makes sense, there's a sand timer.' She thought to herself.

Mae put her arm back down and started to fiddle again, not distracted anymore and hit with a wave of dread. Feeling a small notch to turn, she wrapped her thumb around it and kept turning for a few minutes when it seemed to do nothing, nervously watching the door.

She stopped the moment she could hear voices coming from behind the stone entrance, and straightened herself.

Then, her sight started turning blotchy, and she could only see a blur of colours and some shapes floating around her. A sensation she could only describe as flying backwards on a broom overcame her for a few seconds, before she could see normally and fell still. The shock of what just happened to her caused her to let go of the locket, sending it crashing to the floor. Mae felt all around her body, bewildered and unsure of what just happened to her. Looking down at the now shattered locket, she silently scooped up the remains and put them in her pocket, to hide any evidence.

‘ Did someone just jinx me? What just happened to me? Merlin’s beard, I think I’m going crazy. This stress is seriously not good for me. El will be sorry when she hears I’m going loopy! ’ Mae thought.

Gathering herself, and looking up for the first time since she dropped the locket, she realised no one had come through the door when she’d heard voices some seconds ago. There were also students that she didn’t recognise staring at her. Mae knew she wasn’t incredibly popular, but she prided herself on at least knowing quite a few names. It was strange, but she didn’t think about it for too long. So, she stood awkwardly, waiting for her sister and Dumbledore still. From the corner of her eye, she could see a man with auburn brown hair she didn’t recognise approaching her.

“Miss? What are you doing here? Who are you?” the strangely familiar man asked her, warmly.

“I’m waiting for Dumbledore and my sister, she requested a talk with him, who are you?” Mae said, a bit annoyed by his questions when they’d only just met.

“Well, I am Dumbledore, are you sure you’ve got the right person? I’ve never even seen you at Hogwarts before, which is strange. How long have you been attending?” the strange man inquired.

“What? How could you be Dumbledore? Dumbledore’s all old and has a long beard. You’re definitely not him, but I am definitely waiting for him. I’m a fifth year.” Mae responded, chuckling slightly at how confident he sounded saying such a ridiculous thing.

“I can assure you that I am Professor Dumbledore, and that I’m not old. How did you get here?” he replied, looking slightly concerned.

“I’ve been waiting here for ten minutes; someone must’ve seen me. Ask anybody who’s passed and they’ll tell you.” Mae said, more annoyed now, wanting to focus on the fact that she’s being expelled.

“What did you do in them ten minutes?” he asked, a particular glint in his eye that Mae must admit reminded her a lot of the real Dumbledore.

“All I did was wait, and someone must have jinxed me a few minutes ago, because my vision went all colourful and I felt like I went flying backwards. I might go and tell a teacher about

that now actually, so if you'll excuse me." Mae replied, now aching to get away from the weird Dumbledore impersonator.

"What? What did you just say? Please follow me. This could be important," he said, taking her by the arm and dragging her into a small cupboard next to them, "Were you holding a golden locket the moment this happened? Did you turn something on it? Did these symptoms occur after you stopped spinning it?" he said, not taking a single breath.

"Well yes, and I have no idea how you know all that but none of that is important. I might be getting expelled and you're spewing this rubbish-" Mae whispered.

"Not in this timeline. Please focus," he said, staring at her, "What I'm about to tell you will shock you but I'm going to need you to listen and give no reaction. When I tell you, you are going to be silent and follow me to my office and we will discuss everything there. I promise to answer every question you may have." the man said, looking genuinely worried.

"What do you mean in this timeline? Do you think I'm stupid?" Mae shouted, sick of him now.

"I believe you have travelled back in time. I'm not sure how many years, but I know it has to be at least two decades. The locket you were holding was a time turner. I am Professor Dumbledore. Who you are seeing now is the young version of who you have in your mind. Now do as I instructed." he whispered, opening the door and setting off to his office, making sure Mae followed suit.

"I can't believe you're making this all up. What are you, a creep? Dragging me into a cupboard? Really? I'm leaving." Mae said, though she was stopped before she could open the door.

"The year is 1943. Go out and ask anyone. I know this is far too much to handle, but I recognised the symptoms you said and I just had to check. You also seem to be convinced that I'm an old man, and the headmaster. I can promise you that I am Dumbledore. Please cooperate, it'll be easier for the both of us." he said, in a final attempt to convince her.

Mae's stomach dropped and she was automatically sent into shock. She didn't want to move, didn't want to breathe, didn't want to follow this strange man she wasn't sure she could trust. How could she even be sure that he was telling the truth, it was utterly ridiculous. Quickly scanning through all her options, she realised that he was unfortunately her only way of getting answers, so she forced her stiff legs to follow him silently and teary-eyed.

When the two arrived at Dumbledore's office, Mae was shaking. She couldn't believe she had time travelled; it just wasn't possible. This had to be a stupid joke for Mae sneaking out to the forest. To get back at her or something, probably El's doing.

"Before we start asking questions, I must warn you not to tell me any information other than what is essential. It could cost people's lives, and we wouldn't even know. The first thing I must know is what year you are from." Dumbledore said.

“1995.” Mae barely spoke, her voice hoarse from crying.

“You must’ve turned it hundreds of times, if not more. Do you have any idea as to how many times you could’ve spun it? As a matter of fact, where on earth is the thing?” Dumbledore pressed.

Mae guiltily tucked her hand into her robe pockets, and showed the contents to Dumbledore, trembling.

“It’ll take months to fix. Maybe even up to a year, more I suppose. We’ll have to come up with a fake backstory for you to get by here. You’ll spend holidays here-” Dumbledore said, taking the broken time turner first, and then scrambling about the room, picking up tools, several books, and pieces of parchment, before Mae interrupted him.

“A year? More?” Mae sobbed, not being able to hold herself together, “How will I see my family? My friends? Everyone will think I’m suspicious. I can’t do this.”

“I would’ve hidden you if you hadn’t been spotted by students already. It’s just not possible. We’ll say you’re a transfer student from America. Your father got a job opportunity there before you started Hogwarts, but you grew up in England so you still have an English accent. You came back because your parents missed home, and you wanted to attend Hogwarts for your last few years.” Dumbledore said, spewing lies like it was the easiest thing in the world.

“No. I won’t do it. How do I get back home.” Mae whispered, crouching down and sobbing into her robes.

“Do you have a name preference? And of course, your parent’s names to, your blood status, and birthday. Just in case anyone asks. Oh, and which house were you in before?”

“Hufflepuff.” Mae said, sniffing, now looking up at Dumbledore.

“I suppose you don’t have a name preference. Your parents will be Laura Blankley and Devin Blankley. You are an only child. You are Paige Blankley. Your birthday is July 28th 1926. You’ll be in Slytherin, as it’s most unlike your house back home. You’re a pureblood. Oh, and a middle name. Are you sure you have no preference?” Dumbledore said, writing this information down as he spoke.

“I like the name Mary.” Mae blurted out, trying not to look suspicious.

“Miss Blankley, please wait here while I inform Headmaster Dippet of an unexpected exchange student. I am sure he will be happy to welcome you here at Hogwarts. One moment.” Dumbledore said, handing her the parchment filled with the contents of Mae’s new identity, before rushing to the headmaster’s office.

‘ I can’t believe Mary. I put so much effort into her not being expelled, she better be grateful.’
Eleanor thought to herself.

“Thank you for letting me speak to you about my sister, headmaster. I really hope you take what I said into consideration. She really is a good student. She has top grades; she's never caused trouble like this. Honest.” Eleanor said.

“No worries, Miss Boardman. I will escort you down now.” Headmaster Dumbledore replied.

Both Dumbledore and Eleanor made their way over to the stone wall, waited for it to open and descended down the stairs, and exchanged some niceties. They then waited again for the second stone wall to open and for the gargoyle to step aside, only to be greeted with an empty hallway.

“Mary?” Eleanor said.

Chapter End Notes

It's been a whole month since I uploaded, big apologies. I really don't have an excuse this time, I just hope this chapter was enough to make up for it. I finally feel like the plot is moving along now! I hope you enjoyed it.

Also, did you like the little addition of Eleanor's POV?

Thank you for reading!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!